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ORIGINAL POETRY.

ODE TO WINTER.

IN flakes descends the fleecy snow,
The stagnate waters cease to flow,
Bound up in chains of frost;
One glaring white does earth o'erspread,
The vegetative powers seem dead,
And for a time are lost.

Deprived of sap and leaves, the trees
Bending beneath the wintry breeze,
As withered trunks appear,
Except the fir and baleful yew,
The holly, ivy, laurel too,
Their summer livery wear.

Industrious labour's at a stand,
No plough can penetrate the land,
Nor spade pervade the soil,
The labourer now deprived of bread,
Sits listless in his humble shed,
Nor plies his useful toil.
Half naked round the little fire,
His children crouch—well pleased the sire
The tattered grouse surveys;
His patient wife turns round her wheel,
Nor seems the piercing cold to feel,
So they enjoy the blaze.

Yon shivering, houseless wanderer, see,
Bent down with age and poverty,
She begs her bitter bread,
Her scanty cloak can't shield from cold,
Patched rags her shriveled limbs enfold,
She trembling seems half dead.

Yet once she had a dwelling place.
Was mother to a num'rous race,
Of sons and daughters fair,
By cruel war, of sons bereft,
And now alas no daughter left,
A parent's griefs to share.

Now ope the hospitable door,
Ye sons of wealth and bid the poor,
' Be warmed and clothed, and fed,
So will the Lord your store increase,
And shed prosperity and peace,
And blessings round your head.

LYDIA.

TRANSLATION OF BARREAU'S VERSES.*

THE judgments of thy providence,
Great God, are just and right;
And to be merciful and kind,
Is ever thy delight.

But never can thy pardoning grace
Such sins as mine forgive;
For justice cannot yield her rights,
Nor grant that I should live.

* See poetry, No. 13.

The greatness, of my crimes, my God,
For mercy leaves no room;
But arms with terrors thy right hand,
To seal my righteous doom.

The honour of thy throne forbids,
That life I should enjoy;
And even thy clemency expects,
That thou shalt me destroy.

Then do thy will, since 'twill promote
The glories of thy sway;
And from the tears which now I shed
In anger turn away.

'Tis time, strike, now thy thunder hurl,
On my devoted head:

Yet falling I'll adore the power,
Which strikes salvation dead.

Pay vengeance due; yet where shall fall
Thy thunder from above,
That is not hallowed with the blood
Of the Redeemer's love?

ANGELICUS.

EPIGRAPH.

ON A TOMSTONE IN LOUGH-LOMOND
CHURCH-YARD.

Written by a Mother on the loss of an Infant Son.

'T WAS when the primrose hail'd the infant year*

When all was anxious eye and listening ear,

My sweet rose bud reclin'd his weary head;

And here he lies amongst the silent dead.

Uncertain life, how transient is thy show,

How high thy projects and thy end how low,

This day in health, a country's pride and boast,

Perhaps, tomorrow mingled with the dust.

TO LUCY;

A VALENTINE.

HOW sweet the opening rose expands,
Its fragrance through the morning air,
Its softness tempts our eager hands,
No gem can with its tint compare.

Emblem of Lucy's ripening charms,
Each day still adds a beauty more,
Already every heart she warms,
Those love, who but admired before.

* Spring.